

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATE LEROY REJOICES IN A RETURN TO RUFFLES.

Will Make Life Easier For Many Aspiring Dressmakers—Pleasing Innovations In the New Gowns—Garments For Girls and Matrons For the Races.

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At last we are beginning to see a little trimming on the skirts, and that is a welcome sight to most of us, and more particularly to the amateur dressmaker. It is a most difficult job to get a plain godet or piquet skirt to look perfect. It requires such a knowledge of the very best dress-making that it has been a weariness and vexation of the spirit to many an ambitious little soul. Now, a little pretty trimming around the bottom of a gown distracts the eye from any trifling inaccuracies that would have been startlingly prominent.



FOR EARLY FALL.

And these trimmings are neat and dainty, rather than showy and common. Very narrow shirred ruffles with French hems, and often a Spanish heading, are perhaps more often seen than anything else. Lace set with the edge up or down indifferently is often seen laid on smooth, and narrow or wide braid, straight or serpentine, is also used. Then there are some quaint and queer trimmings made by hand of the same material as the dress, or of a darker color. These are in form of puffs, shells and double scallops, as well as milliner's folds. Indeed some of the new gowns now in course of construction are nearly covered with these folds. The other narrow manufactured trimmings are marked by great neatness and fineness of work. Other gowns have wide, plain bands of silk or some other material often of ribbed velvetina, which makes a rich and elegant garniture.

There was one gown of rich prune laces cloth trimmed in this way. The skirt was full around the bottom and fitted closely over the hips. The waist was partly of two or three shades of heliotrope ribbed velvetina of extra rich quality and partly of the prune cloth. The upper portion was of the velvetina and the lower of cloth, with a sprung bertha of the cloth lined with surah. The sleeves were in gigot form. All around the bottom there was a straight band of velvetina ten inches deep. This gave the whole costume an indescribable richness. I saw another gown exactly like this, only that it was in two shades of snuff brown, the cloth the lighter and the velvetina the darker.

There are some very pleasing innovations in the new gowns. One was made of thick chevot of two tones, one a dull pale blue and the other a pinkish drab. Above the diagonal twill there was a line of fuzzy brown hair. The waists were very wide. The skirt fitted over the hips as if the wearer had grown into it, and around the bottom there was a narrow edging of shot silk in the form of a gathered ruffle one inch wide. The sleeves to this gown were not so very large and had puffs over long manches, which were edged with a ruffle of silk just like that at the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves were of the same material as the skirt. The waist, however, was different and was of wool brocade in blue, white and drab and was made to fit like a jersey. None but a perfect figure could wear this kind of a corset with the sharp little point at the waist. The collar was of the brocade and had a narrow silk ruffle at the top. There was a sort of wreath of violets and black velvet ribbon thrown over the shoulders and fastened so that the ends trailed down the front. This relieved the severity of the corset without destroying its perfect lines. This pretty little fancy is carried out with several different kinds of flowers.

I noticed one with golden dandelions strung upon black velvet ribbon, to wear over a dark brown dress. The stems of the



FOR THE RACES.

dandelions were split and curled up just as if some little girl had gathered them and amused herself by curling them in a way they all know. And indeed those pink and dimpled baby fingers do know many things. They are more accustomed to destroy than to create, however, and a baby in one short hour will utterly annihilate what has taken years of patient toil. When we see the dainty and irresponsible little speck of humanity dressed in a white coat of pique with a yellow lace collar, and with its chubby face shadowed by a great white hat filled in with lace and ribbons dainty enough for babyhood, we are apt to say: "Bless the darling! It shall destroy its papa's coupon bonds if it wants to, so it may." I am very soft about babies. They stay babies such a little, little

while, and they are so sweet while they are babies, and they can never be babies again.

By and by there will be big, manly, but noisy boys in their places, and tall, graceful and lovely big girls where the babies were. And the girls will wear pink or blue, according to their complexion. One will look almost as dear and dainty as a baby in a pale blue organdie dotted with white. There will be—nay, there is—a pretty row of jagged edged lace around the bottom of it. The belt is of the same stiffened, and there is a very full blouse front of the same organdie. The sleeves in their sharp puffs, designed to hide the thin, girlish arms, are of the same delicate stuff, with a row of the lace on the neat cuffs. On the shoulders are bands of organdie edged with lace, and just a wee bit is on the collar, with its winglike bows in the back. Perched up on the blond head there is a transparent hat of black silk muslin, and clusters of lace for trimming, the whole seeming a nebulous sort of crown above the gold.

A matron needs a richer and more stately garb than does the bright young creature just stepping over the threshold of her morning. I saw a model one recently of taffeta silk in the new blue, which holds several shades of that color without being iridescent, leaving the prevailing color a dark indigo, with beautiful broken lights in its folds. There was first a gathered yoke of medium blue satin. This was scooped very slightly on its lower edge and bordered with three round milliner's folds in satin. To this yoke the gown was attached, the sides being shaped in princess style and fitted to the hips. The front was laid in one flat fold to the feet. There was a double wattleau fold in the back, falling to a demitrain. Around the wrists of the forearm parts of the sleeves were six folds set on like the rest in a wattleau pattern. Around the bottom of the skirt were three other folds, these being several shades darker. There was a high blue satin stock collar. There were no laces, ribbons or other trivial ornamentation. The whole plan was rich and, as the French say, continue.

More stylish, though not so refined, is a costume just made for Saratoga races. The whole costume is of cream white bengaline in dull luster. The skirt is piquet in shape and untrimmed and coming to a demitrain in the back. The waist is in blouse shape, with a jabot front of old rare point. The belt is of crushed reseda satin ribbon ending in small triple loops edged with the lace. The stock collar is of reseda silk muslin with wide outstanding bows. Those to whom this style is becoming still continue it, very sensibly too. The sleeves are of bengaline, not very large, but stiffly puffed with manches under the long cream gloves. The short cape is so very full that it falls in voluminous folds all around. The revers and Louis XVI collar are faced with pale reseda silk and stiffly embroidered with silver thread in an intricate Persian pattern. The costume would not be complete without the pancel, which is of white bengaline with chiffon ruffles and pink roses with green crape foliage, which



HOME AND PROMENADE GOWNS.

gives it a wonderful lightness and grace. The hat is of white straw, with white grosgrain ribbon loops, very wide ones, and a wreath of pink crush roses, with two blood red ones with foliage set directly on the top. This costume would be seen from afar, and its beautiful wearer singled out from a thousand.

Alsatian surah is the name of the new cotton fabric. It is shown in dark blue, light pink and buff, and dotted designs are scattered over its surface or sometimes figures. The material resembles drilling and in its natural color would be called simply that and nothing more. But it is soft and flexible and yet looks rich and stylish. Of this are made numbers of outing suits, and it will take very handsome trimming, and it will look well untrimmed. Jackets are very frequently made to go with these cotton suits and are unlined and for style more than for any material comfort they might afford. They are mostly short, with sprays upon the hips and arranged to button or to fly open. Large flat smoke pearl buttons are oftenest seen.

Among the very few materials shown this week I notice a few fancy black suitings in crepon swivel serges and heavy twill diagonals for fall. The first named really presents all three weaves in one, and the effect is very fine. There are several new designs in black brilliantine mohair and swivel mohair. There is also a fine fast black henrietta saten, which so closely resembles the best farmer's satin that any one would be deceived, and, when the deception is so perfect at one-eighth of the price, why in these days of swiftly changing fashions is it not better to take the cheaper? There is also a line of new designs in fancy swiss silks in stripes, checks, plaids and broche designs, crisp and durable and very suitable for pretty afternoon home gowns.

For the present moment ladies are wearing white canvas low button shoes, made with long pointed toes capped with white kid, and with high French heels. Some prefer the oxford shoe in white canvas or in blue canvas, light and dark blue. The russet shoe will be worn up to October. These have extremely stiff toes and common sense heels. There are also russet goat oxfords, brown Russia calf oxfords and glaze tans, all with low heels. These all have perforated tips and are made with as much ornamental stitching as the case will admit of. High shoes will be about equally divided between those that lace and those that button. Tan stockings should be worn with russet shoes and black ones with the white and black ties. The new hosiery for everyday wear is nearly all black this season, white and fancy colors and shades being rarely used and then only for full dress. Sea Island cotton has almost entirely replaced flax thread, and it is often mixed with silk, the silk being thrown to the surface. These are called silk plaited. MATE LEROY.

The World's Highest Tree.

No tree has yet been measured which was taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia, which proved to be 450 feet high.



THEY KNEW MONEY.

No Lack of Confidence, but They Wanted to Be Safe.

It was a new bank in a new town in Colorado. As the "institution" opened for business in the morning a crowd of 200 men gathered, and when the banker asked what was wanted the man who had been appointed spokesman replied: "It's jest this, Jim. We can't make out that monthly statement you got out yesterday."

"What's wrong with it?" "She says deposits amount to \$7,000, and cash on hand \$9,000."

"Well, that's correct, and I can't see where you have any fault to find," said the president.

"Yes, but the boys don't go much on figgers. Figgers kin be twisted all around, you know. Have you got them 'ere \$9,000 handy by?"

"I have."

"Waal, won't you jest stand up on a chair and wave that money in the air a few times and let the boys see the color of it? Don't want to put you to any special trouble, you know, but the crowd kinder wants to feel sure about it."

The banker got the money from the safe and followed the suggestion and asked if they were satisfied.

"That's all right," replied the spokesman. "We ain't much on figgers, but we know money when we see it. Them deposits is \$7,000, and you've got \$9,000 to pay 'em. That's chuck up and no discount!"

"Anything else?"

"Jest one little trifle. It's kinder got around town that you are goin to Montana tomorrow. Before you start jest count them \$9,000 into the safe, lock 'er up as tight as a drum, and then call in two or three of the boys to watch 'er while you're gone. We ain't showin' any lack of confidence, Jim, but we is givin' you a p'inter on how to run a bank in this town without gettin' yer neck into a slipknot!"—Detroit Free Press.

Courtship and Science.

"Yes," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty schoolteacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round, like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but"— "And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established that fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Minerva, if you knew the aching void!"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but, admitting that there can be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole, I would fly to you. I!"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance!"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, growing somewhat impatient, "I've got a fair balance in the savings bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I!"—Tit-Bits.

Trying to Be Exact.

"I am looking for my son," said the sharp featured woman. "Have you seen a tall, slim boy about this building?" "Very tall, was he?" inquired the sleepy janitor, who was sitting in a chair tilted back against the wall. "Extremely tall and slender."

"I think I saw him in here a few minutes ago."

"Where was he?" "As nearly as I could make out, ma'am, he was on the first and second floors."—Chicago Tribune.

Forbearance Appreciated.

Figg—Have I ever told you the story about what my little boy said when he saw his aunt on a bicycle for the first time?

Briggs—No, old man; you never have, and I wish to say to you that I fully appreciate your forbearance.—Indianapolis Journal.

"All Wool and a Yard Wide."



—Truth.

Not So Difficult.

"It's hard to tell just what the public wants," said the theater manager, with a sigh.

"It hasn't struck me that way," replied the treasurer. "It seems painfully easy to me. In nine cases out of ten it wants its money back."—Washington Star.

A Vacation's Greatest Pleasure.

"I hope you're pleased with us, sir," said the proprietor of the resort to the departing guest.

"Perfectly, perfectly," heartily responded the guest. "Delightful walks and drives, magnificent views, best bathing I ever had, cool, airy rooms, a table equal to the best in the city and charges reasonable. Why, I never enjoyed a vacation half as much!"

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" said the beaming host. "I trust you will come again next summer."

"No, sir," said the guest emphatically. "Not much!"

"Why—why not?" asked the astonished host.

"What's the use," demanded the guest, "of spending your summer at a resort if you can't complain all winter of the discomforts you've endured and tell how much better off you'd have been if you'd staid at home?"—Truth.

Sustained Efforts.



Wife—Oh, dear, the baby has just fallen off the chair! Do you suppose he is hurt internally?

Husband—Judging from the noise he makes, I should say it was eternally.—Brooklyn Life.

He Lost a Sale.

The proprietor of a small summer resort hotel in Virginia, as a Star man was told, has more or less trouble with his colored neighbors, who have their weaknesses, as who of us has not? One day Uncle Sam came up with six nice chickens to sell.

"How much are they?" inquired the landlord.

"One dollar for de lot, boss."

The landlord looked them over carefully, not to say suspiciously.

"Ain't these the same chickens I bought last week?" he inquired.

"Not dat I knows on, boss," replied the old man, just a little disturbed.

"Has you been losin any poultry here lately?"

"I have, and I lost these. Did you steal them?"

"Fo' de Lawd, no sah, boss. 'Deed I didn't."

The landlord was not in an argumentative mood.

"Well, all I've got to say is they are mine, and you can give them up or go to jail, whichever you choose."

"But I didn't steal dem pullets, boss," insisted the old man.

"You heard what I said," was all the landlord had to say.

Uncle Sam laid the chickens down on the ground and began scratching his head.

"I didn't steal dem chickens, an I doan' wanten go to jail," he said, with great deliberation.

The landlord waited.

"I spec, boss," he proceeded slowly, "you better done take um. Hain't no tellin how I come by um. Dey wuz out in de wood shed when I got up in de mawnin, an I never saxed um no questions. Jes' picked um up an fotched um 'long wid me. Dey's a pile er niggers round here wot makes it powhful hard fer a po' ole sinnaah like I is ter stand ag'in der shovin an scroghin an keep in de middle ob de road. 'Deed dey is, boss. Good evenin, boss." And as the old man slipped around the corner he kicked himself for taking the wrong lot of chickens from his collection.—Washington Star.

Supreme Joy.

Good Man (on passing car)—Ah, that is a cheerful sound! Reminds me of the great meeting we had down at Nubbins' grove, when the whole countryside was gathered into the fold. If there is anything grand in this life, it is to hear a great, a good, an intelligent people shouting happy. I presume this great gathering I see entering the grounds is a perfect Bethel—

Conductor—You bet! There ain't many clubs puttin up sich ball as the Spiders this year.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Voluminous and Intricate.

"Ah, ha!" said the old college man as he picked up a sheet of paper and examined it closely. "It's been a long year since I saw a table of logarithms."

"That isn't a table of logarithms," said his friend, snatching the paper away. "That's the score of this morning's cricket match."—Chicago Tribune.

More Attractive Prices.

Tapeleigh—These goods don't seem to sell at all.

Floorwalker—What's the price of them?

Tapeleigh—A dollar and a half.

Floorwalker—Mark them up to \$1.99. They'll go then.—New York World.

Explained.

"I felt so nervous, mamma," said a little girl the other day, referring to an accident which had happened.

"What do you mean by being 'nervous,' my dear?"

"Why, mamma, it's just like being in a hurry all over."—Tit-Bits.

She Didn't Believe Him.

"My face is my fortune, sir," quoted a vain but homely girl.

"Is it?" said the exasperating man.

"You might enrich yourself, then, if you would wear a veil."—Somerville Journal.

No Pedigree Needed.

Your mosquito is the true aristocrat. Some of the best blood in the country runs in his veins.—Boston Transcript.

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